THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1817.

MRS. ANNE PLUMPTRE.

IN introducing the present subject of our Biography, we give ourselves credit for having obtained more Portraits and Memoirs of eminent living authors than our predecessors, since the commencement of the Improved Series of our work, or than any other periodical publication within the same time; and, in this instance, of adding another name to the many celebrated women of whom we have given an account.

Scanty as our materials must frequently be, and difficult as they are to procure, for cotemporary biography, we consider ourselves amply compensated, if the few facts we collect concerning those females who have risen to notice, and acquired a reputation by their literary performances, can be well authenticated, and sufficient to satisfy every rational enquiry; and on this point we are always extremely careful.

Miss (now called Mrs.) Anne Plumptre, is the second daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Plumptre, who was twenty-eight years President of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Prebendary of the Norwich Cathedral; near which, in the Lower Close of that city, the family have resided

for many years. The Doctor's predilection for a studious life was shewn in his affectionate attention to the cultivation of his children's mental faculties, and his anxious solicitude to give them a taste for literature; with his daughters, he took particular pains; they became proficients in several modern languages, of which their many excellent translations are unquestionable proofs. Miss Anne Plumptre early discovered a propensity for the study of languages; and the encouragement of her father, with the impetus given by her sisters and friends (among whom she had the happiness to include Mrs. Opie*) beating the same course, greatly stimulated her exertions, and she acquired a competent knowledge of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. She first wrote for periodical publications; and her success led to the attempt of a regular performance; she published a novel, in 2 vols. anonymously, to which her name was afterwards affixed in a second edition. Miss A. Plumptre is the author of a variety of original and translated works; her translations are allowed to be spirited and faithful; and her original writings are generally read; one of their greatest recommendations is, that, like the life of their author, they are moral, religious, and unexceptionable. The following we believe to be a complete list of her publications—

Antoinette, a novel, 2 vols. 12mo.—The Rector's Son, a novel, 3 vols. 12mo. 1798.—Seven Plays, from the German of Kotzebue, 8vo. 1798.—Letters from different Parts of the Continent, translated from the German of F. Mathison, 1 vol. 8vo. 1799. Physiognomical Travels, from the German of Musæus, 3 vols. 12mo. 1800—The Life and Literary Career of Kotzebue, 8vo. 1800.—Something New, or Adventures at Campbell-House, 3 vols. 12mo. 1801.—Historical Relation of the Plague at Marseilles in 1720, from the French M. S. of Bertrand, 8vo. 1805.—Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in France, 3 vols. 8vo. 1810.—The History of

* The most complete Biographical Memoir of this distinguished lady yet published, will be found in our Number for February.

Myself and my Friend, a novel, 4 vols. 12mo. 1812.—Travels in Southern Africa, from the German of Lichtenstein, 4to. 1812, and the 2d. vol. in 1815.—Travels through the Morea, Albaina, and other parts of the Ottoman Empire, from the French of Poucqueville, 4to. 1813.—Voyages and Travels to Brazil, the South Sea, Kamschatka, and Japan, from the German of Langsdorff, vol. 1st. 4to. 1813, vol. 2d. 1814.—And Narrative of a Residence in Ireland, in 1814, and 1815, 4to. 1817.

This lady's younger sister, and third daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Plumptre, Miss Annabella Plumptre, has also published several works; her translations are from the German of Kotzebue, Iffland, and others; her original works are Montgomery, or Scenes in Wales, a novel, 2 vols. 12mo. The Western Mail, and others.

And their brother, the Rev. James Plumptre, B. D. Rector of Great Granden, Huntingdonshire, Prebend of the Norwich Cathedral, and Fellow of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, has published many works; several of which relate to dramatic representations (a circumstance that rarely occurs, to have three authors in the same family); and is one of the gentlemen who appeared in a leading character in Mrs. Opie's tragedy of Adelaide, performed at a private theatre in his own house, in the Lower Close, in Norwich, with considerable ability; and previously in several characters, while at Mr. Newcome's academy, at Hackney. He is the author of The Coventry Act, a comedy, 8vo. 1793, which was repeatedly performed at the Theatre-Royal, Norwich, to crowded audiences.—Osway, a tragedy, 4to. 1795.—Many Sermons and Tracts.—Observations on Hamlet, 8vo. 1796.—Four Discourses on subjects relating to the Amusements of the Stage, 8vo. 1810.—Letters to John Aikin, M. D. on his volume of vocal Poetry, 12mo. 1811.—The English Drama purified, 3 vols. 12mo. 1812.—Enquiry into the Lawfulness of the Stage, 12mo. 1812.—And to his pen is also ascribed The Lakers, a comic opera, 8vo. 1798.

THE GOSSIPER, No. XXVII.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I SINCERELY sympathize with your persecuted friend, "Poeticus." Alas! sir, such are the evils attendant on the possession of talents, and the emanations of genius! I am not blest, or more properly speaking curst, with the inspiration of poesy; but nature gave me a *taste* for *drawing*, which has entailed upon me more miseries than it is possible for Poeticus to enumerate. In what may be termed my infancy, I displayed no inconsiderable precocity of talent, a proof of which, at the early age of five, I copied with considerable exactness, the whole series of plates attached to the affecting story of the "The Death of Cock-robin." Indeed, from one of these graphic illustrations, I succeeded to admiration; so much so, that the village critics declared it to be a master-piece for my years.

At the age of six, the effusions of my pencil decorated the walls of a temple peculiar to counties south of the Tweed, and one or two even found their way into the best parlour of an ale-house that was situated in the village where my father resided. But it was reserved for the age of ten for me to exhibit the proudest memento of my talents; for a neighbouring wheelwright, who occasionally exercised the *brush* as well, (for his acquirements equalled the versatility of Caleb Quotem's) was employed to paint the sign of the *pig-and-whistle*, when, perhaps, doubting the sufficiency of his own, he had recourse to my known abilities for assistance; and if the production of our combined talents attracted less notice than the more celebrated pictures of a Reynolds or a West, it did not not pass without having

many an eulogium bestowed upon it by the thirsty rustics, as they sought the "soul-inspiring god" by the ale-house fire-side.

I was now considered a prodigy, and many prognosticated that I should one day emerge, like the celebrated Opie, from obscurity, and live to fascinate mankind by the magic productions of my pencil. But, alas! sir, flattered by encomiums and encouraged by success, I ventured, in an unfortunate moment, to pourtray some of those familiar objects of local attachment, which constitute the first step of a youthful artist on the highway of nature; when, in a very short time, my pencil was called into action by the whole circle of my acquaintance, who furnished ample subjects for its exercise; for there was not a neighbour in the village but what had a favourite pig, dog, horse, or cow, whilst his wife had a family of uncouth children, a freckled hen, or a spotted sow; an old maid but what had a pug-dog, cat, monkey, or magpie; a young one but what had a lover, or youth but what had a mistress, which equally demanded pictorial honours. But what proves much worse, is, the natural generosity of my disposition is such, that I seldom go into company without promising the whole party some memorial or other of my abilities. Now, as I am in the habit of visiting a great deal, the number of obligations of this kind are become so numerous, that I begin to despair of ever fulfilling the half of them. In truth, Mr. Gossiper, this (generally termed) amusement is become so irksome, and interferes so much with my other avocations, that I would willingly, very willingly, sacrifice the envied distinction of being "*a natural genius*," could I dispense, at the same time, with the endless and unpleasant trouble attached to it; but, like the curse of Cain, I fear it is entailed upon me for ever—in vain I plead, that "I have given over the pursuit," nothing will do—it is still "Pray, my dear Mr. P—, just take a sketch of such-and-such an object for me—it will make such a pretty picture." But the misery of being a painter does not end even here; no, sir, the *remarks* which every village babbler feels himself called upon to

make upon every performance, is not the least mortification which I am obliged to endure with becoming gravity—"La! Mr. P—," says one, "what a frightful nose you have made me!" "What an ugly mouth," says a second, "you have given Dickey!"—"Really I never saw such saucer-eyes," says a third,—whilst a fourth declares, with a broad grin, "That it is like *never a Christian* in the world." I think you will now own, that I have little less reason to complain of my unfortunate lot than Poeticus has; indeed I think the miseries which await geniuses like us, ought to be more generally known to have our merits more properly appreciated; I will propose to *Poeticus* that he put his miseries into *rhyme*, when I will engage to draw his picture (and introduce as much chagrin in it as I can) by way of frontispiece.

I am, Sir,

Your unfortunate friend,

PALLET HALL. PICTORIBUS.

A RARE EXAMPLE OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

LADY FANSHAW, wife of Sir Richard Fanshaw, clerk of the council of Charles the First, and his son, as also ambassador to the court of Spain, wrote the memoirs of her own life, addressed to her son, from whence the following anecdote is taken—"On our voyage from Galway to Malaga, in the spring of 1649, just as we passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned; and we believed we should be carried away slaves; for the captain, who was a Dutchman, had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though she carried sixty. He called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight, rather than lose his ship, which was worth £30,000. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bid us to be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which

would make the Turks think we were a man of war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board us. He went upon deck, and took a gun, a bandeleer, and sword; expecting the arrival of the Turkish man of war. The captain had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked, and called to no purpose, until the cabin-boy came, and opened the door. I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his thrum-cap and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, of discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master. By this time, the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's force, that the Turkish man of war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it retreat, and looked upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me in his arms, saying, 'Good God! that love can make this change;' and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

NATIVE HUMOUR HARDLY EVER DESTROYED.

At the beginning of the last century, there was a comic actor of singular humour, called Norris, who was so universally admired in the part of Dickey, in Farquar's Constant Couple, as to retain the name of Jubilee Dickey to his death. As he lay bed-ridden some time, quite worn out with age, his relations seemed uneasy at his lying so long without help, and would send for a physician, though against his positive order. When the doctor came to his bed-side, he asked the patient the usual questions, to which Norris gave no manner of answer; but, being pressed very much by the doctor to speak to him, he at last turned his head; and, in his usual comic squeaking voice, said, "Doctor, pray can you tell how to make an old clock go when the wheels are all worn out?" He died soon after.

MOTHERLESS MARY;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 195.)

MARY had indeed, as the matron asserted, been properly instructed by her deceased mother, who, though doomed by the caprices of fortune to pass the last few years of her life in sorrow and indigence, had once known better days. An imprudent marriage had estranged her from her family and connexions; and the man to whose fallacious promises of tenderness and constancy she had sacrificed her most brilliant prospects, ungratefully repaid her confidence by neglect and unkindness. The poverty he had brought her to, he was unwilling to share; and, to better his own condition, unmindful of the claims of his suffering wife and helpless infant, cruelly deserted them. For a considerable time, the shock of this unkind treatment rendered the mother of Mary incapable of any exertion; but the wants of her infant at length roused her to activity, and she contrived to earn a scanty subsistence by works of taste and ingenuity. Her close application to a sedentary employment, soon injured a constitution naturally delicate, and she was forced to retire into the country, where, under the assumed name of Powel, she resided in a little cottage, and obtained precarious employment from the neighbouring gentry, until grief and sickness brought her to a premature grave, at the early age of thirty-seven. Motherless Mary, though thus bereft of her earthly stay, became the care of Providence; for the servant returning to Henfield, soon discovered the driver of the chaise, and demanded the restitution of Mrs. Bouverie's property. The man, at first, attempted to deny having received it from the child, or any share in the trans-

action; but, at length, by threats, was forced to confess the truth, and the bag was soon returned to its owner, who was so much pleased with the account given her of the girl, and so well satisfied of her honesty and integrity, that she determined to befriend her by taking her into her service, as an attendant upon her daughter Charlotte.

A messenger was accordingly dispatched for the poor orphan, whose joy was unbounded when she learnt that, in reward for her honesty, she was to be taken under the protection of a lady whose kind attention, in a moment of distress, had already won her youthful heart. When brought into the presence of Mrs. Bouverie, she could only express her gratitude by tears, and kissing in silence the hand held out to her. After her spirits were a little composed, Mrs. Bouverie endeavoured to draw from her what information she could gather concerning her parents; but she seemed to have a very imperfect knowledge of past events; and in reply to the question, whether she had ever seen her father, or knew if he was living, replied, that her mother always seemed so wretched when she wondered why she had not a father like other children, that she grew afraid to speak of it. Mrs. Bouverie was surprised that the mother had never been more explicit, and could only attribute her silence on the subject, and her not having left any memorial behind her, to there being some disgrace attached to her history; and although such an idea could not tend to make her consider Mary as less worthy of her protection, it finally operated to her disadvantage in many respects.

Nothing material to our narrative occurred, until Mary had been five years in the service of Mrs. Bouverie, who, although she treated her with more than ordinary kindness, did not appear to feel for her any particular regard. A circumstance then occurred, which placed the character of the orphan girl in an amiable light. Mrs. Bouverie was taken ill, in consequence of a cold caught by unguardedly sitting down on the grass, when she was fatigued and overheated by a long walk in the fields, a fever of the inflammatory sort ensued, and the symptoms were most

alarming. Mrs. Bouverie, who had enjoyed such uninterrupted health as scarcely to know what it was to be indisposed, was querulous and impatient, her occasional starts of ill humour wearied all about her, except the patient Mary, who attended her night and day with unremitting assiduity, administered to all her wants with prompt goodwill, and soothed her irritated spirits by the gentlest replies and most submissive mildness; but what rendered her task the more painful was the neglect and indifference evinced by Charlotte Bouverie, who could not endure the confinement of a sick-room, and who, when she did submit to it for a short time, only irritated her mother by her pert snappish answers, and awkwardness in doing any thing required. Mary, perceiving that Mrs. Bouverie was both hurt and incensed by such behaviour, took an opportunity of remonstrating with her on the subject. "I wish I could prevail on you, Miss Bouverie," said she, "to devote more of your time to your mamma; I am sure it would be most gratifying to her, and if her mind was but kept easy, she would recover much sooner." "Why, do not I visit her twice every day?" replied Charlotte, a little offended. "She cannot want me, as you are always there to do any thing for her." "But there are a number of little attentions that you might pay her, and she would be so pleased." "Not she indeed; she does nothing but groan and moan, or find fault even in the short time I am there, that I am glad to get away." "My dear Miss Bouverie," returned Mary, "when a person is ill, nobody can tell what thay may suffer, and it is the duty of those who attend them to humour all their caprices, which indeed they could not fail to do, I think, if they felt for them." "It is your duty, Mary, certainly; you are under great obligations to my mother." This haughty and unfeeling reply roused the spirit of the hitherto humble Mary. "Mrs. Bouverie has certainly been very good to me," she replied, "and I have endeavoured to evince my sense of it by doing my duty in the station I am placed in; but she is not my mother, therefore does not expect from me that affectionate solicitude she might naturally look for in a daughter."

"Really, Mary, you talk quite fine; what can you know about it?"

Tears sprang to the eyes of poor Mary; for she remembered that she indeed was *motherless*, but she recollected also, that, even when a child, she had soothed the last hours of a fond parent by her little assiduities, and had often heard her mother exclaim—"Oh! how sweetly am I repaid for all my cares by the tenderness of this dear child! Mary, when you were an infant, I suffered pain and anxiety, and a thousand terrors on your account; whole nights have I been deprived of rest by your fretful humours, or occasional ailments; I deprived myself of many enjoyments that I might not leave you, or, if I did for a few hours venture to quit you for any offered amusement, I can truly say, that I felt no real pleasure until you were again clasped in my arms; but now you make me amends for all by your love and attention. If ever you become a mother, Mary, you will understand my feelings at this moment." These words Mary recollected, and now repeated to Miss Bouverie, adding, "And do you not think that all mothers feel the same?" "Perhaps they may," returned Charlotte, "but some persons are more easy to please than others; besides, I can see that my mother is better satisfied with any thing you do, than she would be if I did it." "I am sure you mistake," said Mary, "for she is continually asking for you, and looks so happy when she hears your step approaching the room." Charlotte, with all her perverseness, could not help being gratified by this remark, and promised, with a very good grace, that she would come oftener to her mother's room, and stay longer; but unluckily her good intentions were soon forgotten, and she relapsed into her usual cold indifference, while Mary continued the indefatigable and tender nurse. Mrs. Bouverie recovered; and from that time no longer treated Mary as a mere domestic, but determined to shew her gratitude by every proper indulgence. Observing that Mary had a quick capacity, she began to allow her the advantage of education, and expressed her intention of letting her take lessons from the masters who attended

Miss Bouverie. "I do not wish to make you a fine lady, my dear," said she, "or intend you to neglect the useful, in acquiring the ornamental parts of education; but as I perceive in you talents which, by proper cultivation, may one day be of infinite advantage to you, I think it is but just to bestow so much care and expense upon you as will fit you for a situation above the menial capacity. In future, you will take your meals with us, and be introduced to all my relations and particular friends, not as a young lady, observe, but as a good little girl, whom I wish to protect and serve." Motherless Mary could only thank her benefactress with tears; but they were tears of joy and gratitude. Miss Bouverie heard this arrangement with unconcealed vexation, her pride took alarm at having this orphan, this parish girl, forced upon her for a companion, a little envy too took possession of her narrow mind; for she was almost certain, that Mary would make a more rapid progress than herself in acquiring those accomplishments at which she had already been labouring several years with little success. Mrs. Bouverie saw what was passing in her daughter's mind, and saw it with concern; for she was no stranger to the unamiable propensities of her hitherto spoiled child, yet she had always flattered herself that her heart was good, and was now shocked to find that she had deceived herself. Still she did not choose to reveal her thoughts, but hoped that emulation would serve as a spur to overcome the habitual indolence of Charlotte, and the amiable example of Mary in time improve her disposition; sad experience, however, convinced her that even this hope was delusive. Charlotte had too long enjoyed uncontrouled sway over her weak mother not to know her power, and though she saw it was impossible to prevent the intrusion of a new favourite, she determined to make her present situation as comfortless as possible by inflicting on her every humiliation in her power.

A dependent, raised unexpectedly to favour, always attracts the envy and ill-natured remarks of her former associates, and thus it was with Mary, who was no sooner elevated to parlour-company, than all the servants in the house with

whom she had before been a general favourite, began to wonder what their mistress could see in her to put her over their heads. "She will be so proud now, there will be no bearing her, and I suppose she must have a room to herself," says Betty the housemaid. "And I dare say she will soon begin to find fault with the dinners I send up," says cook. "And want me to go on her errands," says the footman. "She will have all my mistress's best dresses, I warrant, and I shall get nothing but the rubbish," says Norton, Mrs. Bouverie's own maid. But Mary disarmed their rancour; for she found no fault with the dinners, sent the footman on no errands, and gave the housemaid no trouble, but made her own bed, and kept the little apartment allotted to her use in the neatest order; she was still kind and unassuming; and as Mrs. Bouverie generally allowed her sufficient, with her own industry and taste, to keep up a creditable wardrobe, she had no occasion for second-hand finery. All would, therefore, have passed on well enough, but for the indiscreet conduct of Charlotte, who encouraged the pert familiarity of servants; and for the credit of being thought affable and condescending, would expose herself to liberties which, even haughty as she was, she could not resent. To her favourite servants she made no scruple of expressing her dislike and envy of Mary, which they, with ignorant malevolence, fostered, by protesting, that it was too bad of their mistress to take a poor parish girl, and a base-born brat, as she was no doubt, into her house, and put her above creditable servants, whose parents, though poor, were honest; and then to make more of her than of her own child—it was surprising, that it was!

(To be continued.)

ON THE PREVAILING VICE OF DEFAMATION,

AND

THE PERNICIOUS EFFECT WHICH MAY ARISE FROM IT.

THOUGH my Lord Verulam very justly observes, that the man who has no virtue in himself naturally envies the possession of it in others, yet, unfortunately, there seems to be a propensity in human nature which imperceptibly induces it to be influenced by a tale of detraction. Every attentive observer, who mixes in society, will acknowledge the truth of this observation; and if they will take the trouble to draw a comparison between a report which is to elevate or diminish the respectability of any character, they will perceive that attention is universally arrested by defamation.

To what then, may it be asked, is to be ascribed the pleasurable sensations which are evidently excited by a detail of circumstances calculated to diminish the respectability of our acquaintance? Is it to be presumed, that self-importance is to be established upon the degradation of our fellow-creatures? Or is it to be supposed, that the hearers of every tale of detraction possess those admired qualities which are wanting in the person who has been universally censured?

Though incapable of answering this enquiry satisfactorily, I wish to point out a preventative to this species of conversation by recalling the attention of readers to the admirable precepts contained in the sermon delivered upon the Mount, "With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you," said our Redeemer. And again, "Why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye?" and if, when listening to a report injurious to our neighbour, we extracted the beam which prevents us from seeing our own imper-

fections clearly, how seldom would those injurious reports be propagated which tend to the degradation of an individual, and alike prove destructive to the confidence which ought to subsist in society.

It has frequently been asserted, that scandal presides at the tea-table, and that the female sex are peculiarly prone to detraction and envy; yet I am inclined to view this charge merely as an assertion calculated to degrade them in the opinion of mankind. Envy and detraction, I will venture to say, are by no means sexual; they are propensities which break down the barriers of society, and find admission into the human heart, in the highest stations, and in the more humble paths of mediocrity. In the sex, however, who, from the susceptibility of their nature, we expect to find softness blended with universal philanthropy, these vices are peculiarly unbecoming, and alike throw a shade over rank, fortune, and beauty! The finest form, or the most lovely set of features, if concealing a disposition under the influence of envy, must in vain hope to excite admiration in a man of sense, or sensibility.

I have been led to make the preceding observations from having recently witnessed the overwhelming effect which an invented tale of scandal is able to produce, even upon the minds of those who are too liberal to propagate a prejudicial report. A young lady, whom I shall merely call Maria, was compelled to convert those talents, which had been cultivated for amusement, into the means of subsistence, and had alternately filled the office of private governness and teacher in a respectable school. Circumstances, however, of an imperious nature, compelled her, about six weeks back, to leave her situation; and having an uncle residing within a short distance of the metropolis, she paid him a visit, under the hope of obtaining occupation. In this hope, she was not disappointed; but was engaged by a lady whom I shall call Mordaunt, to superintend the education of her two little girls, the one six, and the other seven years old. Having known Maria from perfect childhood, I derived secret satisfaction from hearing of this

arrangement; and meeting Mrs. Mordaunt a few evenings after, at a party, I took an opportunity of expressing my sentiments. Whilst so doing, I was struck by the malign glances of a lady who sat next me; and upon concluding the eulogium which justice induced me to pass upon the conduct of my young friend, the same female exclaimed, "Oh! yes, I knew before this evening, that Miss Maria was a general favourite with the gentlemen."

These words were not only uttered in a satirical accent, but accompanied by looks which gave them additional force; and so completely was I exasperated against the speaker, that I unhesitatingly declared, she must allude to some other person, as the retired manners of the young lady were not likely to call forth general admiration." "Retired manners!" repeated the defamer of spotless purity, "why I always suspect your very demure misses; and it is a well-known fact, that whilst she was in Devonshire, she intrigued with an officer of the regiment." "That she quitted Mr. D——'s family in consequence of the persecuting attention of a libertine, madam," I answered, "is, I acknowledge, a matter of fact; but, fortunately, I have a letter of Mr. D——'s in my pocket, filled with the praise of his daughter's late governess." So saying, I put the epistle into the hands of Mrs. Mordaunt. Scarcely had the amiable woman perused it, when, turning to her malignant companion, she said, "In this letter, madam, there is a most complete confutation of the illiberal report you have circulated; and, permit me to say, I hope the falsehood of your assertions will, in future, teach you to be more guarded."

Had this wantonly wicked woman made her cruel attack upon Maria's character, when no person was present who had the power of vindicating it, she would, of course, have been deprived of the means of earning an honourable subsistence; as it is not likely any mother would place her daughters under the care of a governess accused of intrigue.

CAMBODIAN HALL;

OR,

LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

(Continued from page 200.)

As Miss Stanhope's brother felt the impropriety of introducing himself as a stranger, after this business was settled, he was under the necessity of deferring his visit until the following morning; and difficult did he find it to conceal those sensations of tenderness by which he was actuated. With inexpressible delight did that amiable young woman peruse the letter which Mr. Cavendish presented; and whilst tears, unrestrainable tears, forced a passage, she raised her eyes to heaven with the strongest expression of thankfulness.

In the character of Colonel Stanhope's friend, Mr. Cavendish requested she would inform him, whether her situation in Mr. Arcot's family accorded with her wishes; adding that if she was desirous of a removal, he thought he could place her in a situation where she would be treated with a mixture of attention and kindness. With that candour which marked her character, yet with that precaution she deemed requisite, Miss Stanhope acknowledged, that, had she not received the joyful intelligence of her brother's intended return to his native country, her present situation would not have been permanent; "yet," added she, "I am too tenderly attached to my little pupils to leave them until Mrs. Arcot returns, or supply them with another governess; a circumstance which I yesterday made that lady acquainted with."

Though Colonel Stanhope felt desirous of prolonging his visit, yet, under his assumed character, he was fearful of appearing obtrusive, and having informed her, he had taken

Arcot-lodge for the purpose of being under the care of Mr. Hawthorn, he requested permission to repeat his visit. A sensation totally new occupied the feelings of Miss Stanhope whilst conversing with her brother's imaginary friend; yet the alteration in his person, and the total change in his complexion, precluded the possibility of her recognizing him. Repeatedly did she peruse the testimony of fraternal affection, and as frequently did imagination recall the image of the interesting Cavendish; these pleasing reflections were, however, at length interrupted by Mr. Jackal's appearance. With well-feigned contrition, he deplored the error he had committed, and besought her to retract a refusal which doomed him to wretchedness; and after exhausting the patience, and exciting the contempt of his auditor, he besought her only to gratify his feelings by an assurance of forgiveness.

With that dignity which marked her actions, Miss Stanhope informed him, that she should endeavour to forget a conversation by which her delicacy had been wounded; yet, had she still remained ignorant of Mr. Jackal's sentiments, his matrimonial overtures would have been decidedly rejected; and that, whilst she remained in her present situation, she was determined to avoid all intercourse with him.

Stung more deeply by the decided manner with which this determination was uttered than by the determination itself, Mr. Jackal quitted the apartment to give vent to the impetuosity of his feelings. To be revenged of this haughty fair-one, he was determined; but how to accomplish his diabolical purpose without bringing ruin upon himself, was a circumstance that required deliberation as well as contrivance.

That Mr. Cavendish had brought letters from Miss Stanhope's brother was a circumstance known to the servants; and that this brother was shortly expected in England, was a report which soon obtained circulation. "That which I do, I must do quickly," thought Jeremy; for this purpose, he informed Miss Stanhope in a note, that business required

his immediate presence in London; and requesting, that, if Mr. Arcot returned during his absence, she would have the goodness to make him acquainted with the circumstance.

About eighteen miles from Cambodian Hall, was an old ruinous castle, inhabited by a very suspicious character; a wretch who, by the friendly exertions of Mr. Jackal, had escaped the just punishment of the law. That this despicable being should be devoted to the interest of his preserver was natural; and to him Jackal imparted the iniquitous plan he had in view; and he was supplied with money to enable him to furnish a couple of uninhabited rooms; when to this desolate spot he resolved to convey the intended victim of his illicit passion.

From the time Miss Stanhope had declared her resolution of avoiding all intercourse with Jackal, she had never gone beyond the garden-wall, under the apprehension that she might encounter him in the park. His pretended journey to the metropolis, however, afforded her an opportunity of once more enjoying the pleasure of a long walk, which she did the two first successive evenings after he was gone. On the second, she encountered Mr. Cavendish, who, with the solicitude of an old friend, condemned her for walking so late alone; but with a smile she replied, "Oh! I have no apprehension of being run away with by a knight-errant." With a seriousness of manner, which at the moment appeared impressive, he implored her not to walk without a servant, or, if she objected to that proposal, to allow him to be her attendant. The latter she declined, with a mixture of grace and sweetness which almost tempted the colonel to disclose himself; yet a presentiment that he should have an opportunity of detecting the iniquitous designs of Jackal, prevented him from yielding to the impression of his feelings. The next evening, she determined to confine her rambles nearer the house; but, charmed by the alluring notes of a nightingale, she unwillingly followed the sound, and had just reached the wood from whence it issued, when she found herself encircled in the arms of a ruffian.——A penetrating shriek of horror providentially escaped her

before the monster and his companion could bind a handkerchief over her mouth; which having done, they unitedly dragged her towards the thickest part of the wood.

From the moment Colonel Stanhope had become acquainted with the depravity of Jackal's character, he had formed the resolution of concealing his affinity to the object in whose fate he was so warmly interested, for the sole purpose of taking ample vengeance in case the slightest insult was offered to a being so near and dear to him; and for this purpose, like a guardian angel, he watched her every movement. He had seen her quit the Hall, and had an imperfect view of her through the foliage, but when her steps were attracted towards the wood, he lost sight of her, from fancying she had struck into a different path. The shriek of horror, however, she had uttered, reached his agonized sense of hearing; he darted into the thicket, impelled by the sound, and cocking the pistol which he had in his pocket, aimed at one of the wretches who was dragging his sister through the wood. Admirable was the mark; for it took the wretch in the opposite shoulder to that which was near Miss Stanhope; he staggered two or three paces, and, with a dreadful imprecation, fell! His companion let go his hold, and fled with the rapidity of lightning. The terrified object of their iniquity exclaimed, "Save me!" and fainted in his arms, which were extended to receive her, and, with a mixture of indescribable emotion, he pressed her to his palpitating breast. "Louisa! beloved of my heart, sister of my fondest affection!" the agonized Colonel Stanhope emphatically repeated. The sound of sister struck the returning senses of Louisa, who, opening her languid eyes, beheld Mr. Cavendish; and who, in endeavouring to extricate herself from his embraces, again relapsed into a fainting fit.

In a state of mind bordering upon distraction, the colonel continued to support the object of his tenderness, who, to his relief, in a few moments again opened her eye-lids. "I am Edward!" he exclaimed, "your own Edward! I will, my Louisa, explain why I took upon me the name of Caven-

dish; examine this hand, and you will recognize me; for nature happily placed an indelible mark upon it.

On the back of the colonel's hand was a mole of very large dimensions, and the moment his delighted sister recognized it, joy, extatic joy, expanded her bosom, and, in a transport of delight, she returned his embraces. During this scene, the detestable Jackal lay writhing with agony and anguish; the colonel approached, untied the crape which had concealed his countenance, and beheld the very monster he had suspected.

Strong as was his resentment, yet, from sentiments of humanity, he endeavoured to staunch the crimson current which was flowing; and, elevating his voice, he called for assistance from some people who were passing on the other side the park-railing; by their aid, the hapless wretch was carried to the colonel's residence, and a servant instantly dispatched to Mr. Hawthorn, whilst another was sent to a medical gentleman who lived much nearer. During this transaction, the unprincipled Jackal uttered not a single word; his eyes were closed, he breathed with difficulty, and frequently groaned.

Mr. Davies, the medical gentleman who resided in the same town as his patient, unhesitatingly pronounced the wound mortal; but Mr. Hawthorn, who arrived soon afterwards, was of an opposite opinion; sensations of horror overwhelmed the mind of the sufferer, and he expressed a a desire of having a clergyman to pray by him; for the prospect of death roused the feelings of a conscience groaning under a weight of sin. Mr. Pemberton, the worthy rector of the parish in which he resided, instantly complied with his request; and, in fulfilling the sacred duties of his office, implored him, if he had injured any man, to restore it tenfold to him, if he hoped to receive forgiveness at the great day of judgement. I should harrow up the souls of my readers, were I to attempt disclosing the enormity of the hapless Jackal's guilt; I shall, therefore, only say, that amidst his long catalogue of confessions, he acknowledged, that Mrs. Wilkins's first husband was still living!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MONITRESS.

ON THE NECESSITY OF ENCOURAGING THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIAL AFFECTIONS; AND ON THE DUTY OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

(Concluded from page 206.)

THAT we are creatures of habit, every observer of human nature will readily acknowledge, and eight or nine months' unresisting compliance with the whims of an impassioned female, produced the effect which might have been expected. The birth of a little girl, whom the father wished to be called Sarah, in compliment to the memory of his deceased parent, was hailed by both parties as an eventful and joyful circumstance; yet the lady protested no child of her's should be designated with an appellation only fit for a common servant; but graciously added, that as she wished to comply with her husband's caprices, the child might be called Selina, if he liked it.

Finding opposition totally unavailing in this, as in ten thousand other contentions, Mr. Cawthorn submitted, and with a splendour which would not have disgraced the highest nobility, Miss Selina was made a Christian. About a week before this important transaction, after an absence of fifteen years, I returned to England; and the first visit I paid was to my friend Cawthorn, with whom I had regularly corresponded. Of the addition to his fortune, and its having enabled him to retire from business, I had been made acquainted; but with every action which succeeded, I was totally ignorant. That he should have married appeared to me perfectly consistent with his age, and the independence he possessed; but that he should again have entered into business, struck me as a very extraordinary event; and

though he preserved a total silence upon the subject, I had no difficulty in discovering the motive.

That madam was head of the house, must have been perceptible to the most indifferent observer who entered into it; therefore to me, who felt interested in my friend's happiness, it was strikingly evident. Fortunately, the lady saw something in my sun-burnt countenance which inspired a sort of liking; for as to friendship with characters of that denomination, it would be folly even to suppose it. Whatever might be the cause of such attraction, she requested me to become sponsor to the little girl; and after a long dissertation upon the subject, I acceded to the proposal. Previous to so doing, I thought it necessary to explain my ideas of the office I was going to take upon myself, by informing her, I should expect to have a voting voice upon every subject connected with the present or future interest of the little girl, and to this she unhesitatingly consented.

I shall pass over the infantine period of Selina's existence, during which I could not exercise my right of interference; though, even then, I saw much to censure in the extreme folly of indulgence. When five annual suns, however, had shone upon the head of my lovely god-daughter (for lovely she was, in spite of her little caprices), I resolved no longer to defer the duty of admonishing, and freely expressed my sentiments to both her parents. Cawthorn seemed delighted at finding an advocate for some degree of coercion; and though we both were dignified by the appellation of inhuman tyrants, yet, aided by my support, the wayward Selina was occasionally taught a lesson of obedience. Gifted by nature with a quickness of understanding far beyond her years, she unhesitatingly obeyed the wishes of her father whenever her mother was not present; but convinced, that in her she should always find an advocate, when in her society, she adopted a very different mode of conduct.

In this varying mode of behaviour passed the first twelve years of Selina's existence; sometimes affording her father reason to flatter himself, she would become an amiable character, and at others, giving him cause to fear she would

turn out the reverse, when a putrid fever attacked that excellent father, and put a period to his existence.

Though the disproportion of our years was, in fact, but trifling, yet my poor friend had long entertained an opinion I should be the survivor; and frequently, in our confidential communications, implored me to act the part of a parent towards his daughter. To fulfil the double duty which had now devolved upon me, by the best means in my power, I firmly resolved to separate my youthful charge, as much as possible, from the contaminating influence of her mother; and for this purpose, placed her under the protection of a lady whose pupils were confined to a very small number. The accounts which I received of Selina's improvement in those accomplishments which are now considered essential to girls of fortune, were such as to flatter the wishes of a tenderly attached guardian; but, alas! I never heard a single instance of generosity, nor individual trait of benevolence of disposition.

The vacations, of course, were passed with her injudicious mother, whose indulgence became unbounded, and who, though having all her life acted the part of a tyrant, became a slave to her child's caprices. In opposition to the wishes both of mother and daughter, I insisted upon Selina's remaining under the care of Mrs. Clavering until her seventeenth year was completed; when, the health of Mrs. Cawthorn having suffered by a life of gaiety, I thought it would appear inhuman to refuse her reiterated entreaties, and consented to my ward's leaving school, on condition of her still taking lessons at home in music, drawing, and French.

This clause in our articles of agreement was not insisted upon from a desire of seeing Selina what is termed a completely accomplished miss, but from a wish of affording her mind occupations totally unconnected with her parent. Never did father more anxiously endeavour to discover the latent seeds of virtue in the mind of a tenderly beloved offspring, than I did in that of Selina's; but, alas! I had the mortification of finding the soil sterile. In vain might I relate the tale of sorrow, in the hope of interesting her

feelings; and never did I behold the tear of sympathy give additional loveliness to her countenance. That her heart was incapable of those exquisite emotions, which arise from a combination of affection and tenderness, I had every reason to imagine, as, during the whole time she was at school, she never formed a single friendship.

About six months after my ward had taken up her entire residence with her mother, family business of an important nature, demanded my presence in Scotland, and it was with sensations of the deepest regret that I found myself reduced to the necessity of leaving Selina under the sole guidance of her parent. All the arguments that reason could suggest, or friendship dictate, I made use of to impress upon the mind of my youthful charge, the duty and affection which she owed to her invalid parent; she listened to me, it is true, but with a countenance which convinced me I made not the slightest impression upon her feelings. Mrs. Cawthorn, contrary to her usual custom, expressed a hope that her daughter would benefit by my counsel; whereas her former practice had been in that daughter's presence to declare, that her conduct admitted not of improvement.

I informed Selina, I expected a regular correspondence should take place between us, during my absence; and took my leave with an assurance, that my affection would increase or diminish, according to her behaviour to her parent. I awaited the arrival of her first letter with a degree of impatience scarcely to be accounted for to myself; but I had fancied absence might recall to her recollection the ten thousand proofs I had given her of disinterested friendship, and vainly fancied I might discover in her correspondence some traces of sensibility and feeling. Equally laconic and apathetic, however, proved the wished-for letter; her parent's increasing indisposition, she merely mentioned as an expected circumstance, and, to complete the mortification of my feelings, she neither expressed a wish for my return, nor regret at my absence.

The business which had demanded my attention in Scotland, proved of a much more tedious nature than I had ex-

pected; and five months had elapsed, when I received a letter from Mrs. Cawthorn's favorite domestic, entreating me to hasten my departure, as her mistress's case was hopeless. That the servant, instead of the daughter, should have given me this melancholy piece of intelligence, struck me as extraordinary; however, I unhesitatingly obeyed the invalid's wishes, and, by travelling night and day, arrived in London much sooner than I had been expected. Upon descending from the vehicle in which I had travelled, I stepped into a hackney coach, and was driven to Seymour-street, where, from the death of her husband, Mrs. Cawthorn had resided. I was met in the hall by Mrs. Jackson, which was the name of my correspondent, who entreated me not to inform her young lady, she had acquainted me with the deplorable state to which her poor mistress was reduced.

There was a mixture of fear and detestation in her look and manner, as she made this request, which conveyed to my mind sensations not easily described; but before I could demand an explanation, Selina made her appearance. Surprise, unmixed with pleasure, marked her countenance at my unexpected appearance; and instantly assuming an equal degree of coldness, I desired Jackson to make her mistress acquainted with my arrival. Selina instantly offered to become the messenger, which, in the authoritative tone of a guardian, I forbid; observing, it was my duty to instruct her in politeness, as she did not seem to have acquired a perfect knowledge of it, or she would not have made an effort to leave a friend after five months' absence.

Selina pretended to excuse this breach of politeness, by informing me her mother was reduced to such a deplorable state of nervousness, that the least surprise, or the slightest agitation, brought on fainting fits. "The surprise," I answered, "I trusted would prove of an agreeable nature; and as to agitation, Selina, it must have been your business to guard her from it; for though parents have at all times a claim upon their children's affection, they become tenfold during calamity or sickness."

As I said this, I fixed a scrutinizing eye upon her; conscious guilt overspread her countenance; but at that moment the door opened, and I received a summons to the invalid's apartment. What a ravage had sickness and sorrow made in this too indulgent parent's countenance! She received me with an emotion which defied the power of language to express, pressed my hand, watered it with her tears, and in tremulous accents, blessed, and thanked me for my kindness!

"This is no time for concealment," said she, "my friend and adviser; would to God I had never resorted to it, and then I should have been spared part of the sufferings I have endured during your absence! Too late am I convinced, that, by indiscriminate indulgence, I have lost the authority of a parent, and what is worse, the affection of her whom I have so fondly, so tenderly cherished."

I will not wound the feelings of my readers, by a repetition of the various instances of neglect and inattention which the unhappy woman had received from her ungrateful daughter; inattentions which a frame, weakened by indisposition, was rapidly sinking under. The evil, however, had gone too far for any remedy to be applied to it; for death's iron hand was imprinted upon every feature; yet maternal affection subdued resentment, and with her expiring breath, she implored me to behave tenderly towards Selina.

Though to soften a heart which nature appeared to have formed in a mould of callosity, or which had been corrupted by habit and education, appeared an Herculean labour, yet I resolved to perform my duty towards Selina during the time the law decreed me to be her guardian; if my efforts fail, I shall still enjoy the satisfaction of knowing I have religiously fulfilled my trust; and I venture to indulge the hope, that this narrative may prove a useful lesson to parents.

Severity I conceive equally injurious with indulgence; for whilst the latter permits the passions to rage without controul, the former is calculated to destroy affection, and engender the practice of deception.

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 220.)

THE marquis had been eighteen months in Spain, when he received a letter from the Baron of Olmar, the friend who had assisted in the flight of the countess and her daughter. He informed him, that he had safely escorted them to Baïonne, under fictitious names, by making them pass for his relations, but that he had there been separated from them by one of the strangest events that had ever occurred. The day after his arrival at Baïonne, he had early received a note from Calista, which advised him, that her mother had changed her intention; and did not wish to enter Spain; that she had found another asylum which she could not confide to him, and must remain secret. The note concluded with protestations of gratitude, and the promise of letting him hear from them. The baron, in his letter, inclosed this note, with the writing of which Adolphus was well acquainted; so that it was impossible to doubt the truth of his statement. At the end, the baron added, that he had been arrested the same day, and a long time detained in prison.

This news, which freed Adolphus from the horror of the most inauspicious fears, at first occasioned him as much joy as surprise; but, after the first transport, he relapsed into a state of extreme uneasiness. What was become of Calista? What reason, what event could, when she had

reached the frontiers of France, have so suddenly changed the intentions of her mother? To whom had she been confided? What was this mysterious asylum, that she had preferred to the country in which Calista was again to meet the man to whom she had promised her heart and hand? This conduct was incomprehensible; the marquis himself confessed, that it was absolutely impossible to explain it. Three months were passed in forming false conjectures, and making useless enquiries; when the marquis's banker came to him one morning, and gave him a letter, addressed to him, saying that he had received it without knowing from whom, and what country it came. The marquis opened the envelope, which contained a letter with this superscription, *To Adolphus of Palmène*, and he recognized the writing of Calista. He immediately called his son. Adolphus ran to him; the marquis delivered him the letter, dated two months prior; and Adolphus, strongly agitated, read what follows—

"O! dear Adolphus, all my pain is alleviated in thinking of the joy that the sight of this writing and the date of this letter will cause you!—Be not uneasy concerning me, dear Adolphus: I am at length out of the reach of the impious and wicked; and in an asylum whose peace nothing can disturb. Let us be resigned. We shall be long separated, but we shall meet again; and that great day will unite us for ever! Let us submit our feeble wishes to the ever benevolent designs of divine providence.—O! dear Adolphus, during this mournful absence, let religion sustain and console you. Adieu!—My soul, united to your's by the purest love, this immortal soul will follow you every where, and watch over you.—Take no steps to discover where I am; all your researches would be useless. You will receive two letters from me every year. Adieu!—When you form a generous resolution, and when you do a good action, think of me.—Ah! doubtless, thus I shall be continually present to your remembrance.—Adolphus, alas!—Beloved friend of my childhood, and of that only happy period of my life, so rapidly fled, which seemed as if heaven had created us for each other,—born in the same year, nursed, and reared under the

same roof, hope, delightful and deceitful, hovered over our cradles, affection animated our pastimes, and a happy veil concealed from us the impenetrable and gloomy future.—No power on earth could destroy our happiness.—In fine, this pure happiness has been tasted unmixed; we have loved without fear or remorse; and this is to have lived!—Thank heaven, who, in the midst of so many excesses and crimes, has preserved us innocent.—Adieu then, dear Adolphus, you who have expected me at the foot of the nuptial altar!—O my husband! adieu!—Weep not for the sad Calista, but pray and implore for her the Supreme Goodness;—and believe that her unshaken regard for you will be extended even beyond the tomb!"

Adolphus wept over this note; he read it more than twenty times; and notwithstanding the two months' date, which had at first given him a gleam of joy, the more he read it, the more deeply was he affected. After many suggestions, he thought that Calista and her mother had devoted themselves, by irrevocable vows, to a monastic life, and were shut up in a cloister. The marquis combated this opinion by unanswerable reasons. She is still passionately fond of you, said he; is solemnly pledged to you; so that without a *vocation*, she would not have renounced you for ever, unless compelled, and when she could have so easily entered Spain; where she was sure of finding an asylum, money, and meeting you again. Besides, supposing (which is not at all probable) that she is become a nun; it would be contrary to her duty to write to you, and encourage the sentiments she expresses. So circumstanced, her mother would have informed me by letter of the steps she had taken, which no reason could have induced her to conceal.—But where is she then? and what is the meaning of this profound mystery?—I am ignorant; and confess that this conduct is inexplicable; particularly when I think of the blunt and unexpected manner in which they separated from the Baron of Olmar, and of the note which Calista then wrote to him, which expresses neither surprise nor dissatisfaction. Adolphus was confounded by these reflections; but yet con-

soled by one prevailing idea. Calista has made her escape from France, he repeated; she loves me, and has promised to write to me! He lived but in the expectation of another letter, no longer enjoying any thing, and given up to a thousand vague and unhappy conjectures. Six long months were passed in this state of anxious suspence; when the so much desired letter, addressed to the Marquis of Palmène, was received by post, of the same date as the former, and with the English post-mark. The letter, in the same melancholy strain, only contained sentiments of the tenderest regard, and religious reflections on the frail nature of happiness and existence, and on the submission due to the decrees of providence. Calista always repeated that she was happy and tranquil; but Adolphus remarked with concern, that tears had moistened the paper, and effaced some words. He was now convinced that Calista had been forcibly carried away; that the tyrant had fallen in love with her, and detained her prisoner; that the incomprehensible manner of her writing, which made her so miserable, was dictated; and that her letters were previously examined, which prevented her pointing out to him a way of answering them. The marquis thought otherwise, and that a ravisher, a lover of so violent a character, would not even permit her to write; and that Calista, incapable of telling a lie, would not boast of the unchanging peace of her retreat, if she were in the power of an unprincipled and unrestrained despot. But, asked Adolphus, why conceal herself with so much care? why deny me the consolation of writing to her, when she could do it without discovering the place of her concealment? At least, answered the marquis, you see that she is careful to enquire about all that concerns you, since she is so well acquainted with your address. But still I must conclude by repeating, that it is incomprehensible. Time produced no change in this perplexing situation; but it mitigated the strong agitation of Adolphus's feelings. He regularly received a letter from Calista every six weeks; each revived his regret, affection, and curiosity. Afterwards, in spite of the expression of feeling her letters contained,

he accused her of inconstancy and cruelty; for her conduct became more and more inexplicable; terror no longer reigning in France, nothing in the world could explain this absolute renunciation of the husband, approved of by her mother; her family; friends; and country. Calista had left in Paris one who had been a friend from infancy, the amiable and handsome Leontine, Baron Olmar's ward, who had evinced the tenderest regard for her and Adolphus; was the confidant of all their harmless secrets, and their inseparable companion; her affection had spread an inexpressible charm over the happiest days of their youth. Adolphus often wrote to her to enquire if she had received any intelligence of Calista, and Leontine always answered, that she had not. At last Adolphus, notwithstanding all his father's remarks, concluded that Calista was really become a nun in a Portugueze, German, or Italian monastery.

In 1800, the marquis, beginning to prepare for his return to France, and not expecting to remain more than a year in Spain, complied with the wishes of Adolphus in going to visit some castles that they had seen in passing, and several provinces, with which they were unacquainted. Adolphus had now attained his twenty-fifth year; he was full of sensibility, of a noble mind, and could in no other way be diverted from an unhappy passion than by ardently delivering himself to study.

The travellers at first went to Salamanca, where they admired the handsome modern *place*, ornamented with three rows of balconies, sustained by superb *arcades*, which bear medallions in demi-relief, of the most illustrious personages of Spain. They also saw the famous university of Salamanca, and its most remarkable churches.

The master of the inn where the travellers lodged was a man who had been well-bred and educated; a circumstance, in this class, of no uncommon occurrence in Spain. This man conversed a great deal with the Marquis of Palmène about the famous canton of the Battuécas, and gave the following particulars of this interesting little colony—

"There is in Spain, in the diocese of Coria, in the kingdom of Leon, fourteen leagues from this town,* and eight leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, a fertile valley, although it is enclosed on all sides by a chain of enormous rocks, forming round it a rampart which, for ages, rendered this retreat inaccessible. This district is called *the valley of the Battuécas*; and its extent is nearly a league. For entire ages, the entrance of this valley was really inaccessible, when it ceased to be so by an accidental event. It had long been believed quite impenetrable, because no person had been daring enough to enter it. The terrible and marvellous relations concerning this mysterious valley had been multiplied to infinity for ages. The shepherds in the environs, and bewildered travellers, had seen upon the rocks, vortexes of smoke, flames, and dreadful apparitions of extraordinary figures, spectres, and phantoms. Formidable voices had been heard to pronounce unknown words. It was not doubted, that these dread places were the haunts of the most cruel monsters, and the inauspicious abode of mischievous magicians, and unhappy spirits. If the shepherds in the vicinity, hurried away so far in the pursuit of their flocks, perceived these threatening rocks at a distance, they trembled with horror; and, hastening back, carried terror into their hamlet by fresh accounts of the most fatal and surprising visions. Every calamity, every unfortunate occurrence, which afflicted the country, was attributed to the black enchantments of the sorcerers of the *valley of the Battuécas*. When a mother wished to correct her disobedient child, she threatened to deliver it to the enchanters of Battuécas; and nothing more terrifying could be said.

"Every year, at the beginning of spring, the clergy of the country collected in a body, and filing off in procession, went to exorcise these dreaded rocks, for the purpose of preserving the canton from the witchcraft of infernal spirits. The mournful melody of their songs always attracted some

* Salamanca.

appearances, which confirmed all the reports of the shepherds. They really saw appear, upon the sharp tops of the rocks, strange figures, who seemed immediately to precipitate themselves into an abyss, with signs of terror that were attributed to the power of exorcism.

"Chance at length discovered the truth; but not till the sixteenth century.

"The Duke of Albe, having one day lost his way, with a small retinue of attendants, penetrated into this valley without knowing where he was; he admired the fertility of a place, the approach to which was so gloomy and imposing. He found a considerable number of cottages, or huts, made of tree-leaves, and a mild and timid people who spoke an unknown language; and whom his aspect inspired with much more fear than curiosity. Slight draperies, of white skins, formed their vestments: the girls were crowned with flowers, and the boys with green leaves; young mothers carried in their hair, wreaths of barley-ears, emblems of a blessed fecundity*.

"Soon after this adventure, a part of the history of the Battuécas was made known; and the imagination of the historians, often more inventive than that of the authors of romances, supplied the rest. But all that can be relied on with certainty is—

"Fugitives, whom some suppose to have been a small colony of Goths, flying from the tyranny of the Moors, and others a colony of ancient Cantabri†, took refuge in this asylum, where nature yielded them all the wealth that suffices for happiness, and that has never been envied by conquerors. Wild goats graze in herds in this inclosure; grain, salutary plants, and fruit-tress of every kind, grow naturally in profusion in the valley, watered by an infinite number of springs, issuing from the rocks. It is known, by a tradition preserved among the Battuécas, that, toward

* These particulars, as well as those which follow, are historical.

† Biscayans in Spain,

the year 1009, the torrent of Tormes, having gone aside, closed the only inlet of the valley by which it could be penetrated; as if heaven had wished entirely to ensure the repose and security of the peaceable inhabitants of this solitude, who, by the meekness and simplicity of their manners, really deserved the protection of the deity.

(To be continued.)

THE UNACCOUNTABLE PREPOSSESSIONS OF JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, in her letters from France, relates a singular anecdote of Jean Jaques Rousseau.—At a friend's house, Rousseau praised the wine: his friend sent him fifty bottles. Rousseau felt offended; but as the present was offered by an old friend, he condescended to accept ten bottles, and returned the rest. A short time after, he invited his friend with his family to supper. When they arrived, they found Rousseau very busy turning the spit. "How extraordinary is it," exclaimed his friend, "to see the first genius in Europe employed in turning a spit!" "Why," answered Rousseau, with great simplicity, "if I were not to turn the spit, you would certainly lose your supper: my wife is gone to buy a salad, and the spit must be turned." At supper, Rousseau produced, for the first time, the wine which his friend had sent him; but no sooner had he tasted it, than he suddenly put the glass from his lips, exclaiming, with the most violent emotion, that it was not the same sort of wine he had drunk at his friend's house, who, he perceived, had a design to poison him. In vain did the gentleman protest his innocence; Rousseau's imagination once possessed by this idea,

> Displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
> With most admir'd disorder. MACBETH.

His friend was immediately obliged to retire, and they never met again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

SIR,

THE remarks contained in the "Gossiper" of your last Number, though written with some severity, elicited no small degree of truth in their general application; but I could not help feeling somewhat sorry that their author had not made the insertion of such a letter an opportunity for pointing out as a contrast to the ridiculous fondness and foolish lamentations which many do not scruple to bestow upon their birds and other domestic animals, the very culpable neglect such persons are frequently known to observe in whatever relates to the welfare of their *fellow-creatures*. You will, therefore, particularly oblige me by allowing me to conclude these few observations, by quoting the following lines, which I transcribe from a short manuscript poem, written by a lady of my acquaintance, "On Sensibility and the Nature of true Sympathy."

I am, Sir,

Your's, with much respect,

Kingsland Crescent. MATILDA.

"There is a sickly sensibility,
An affectation of the thing we are not,
That prides itself in sympathetic grief
For shrubs and flowers that droop, and birds that die.
'Tis well perhaps, and wise, that these should wake
Some moral musings in the breast of man,
And point a useful lesson to his heart;
Nor would I blame the unpolluted tear
That genuine feeling drops at nature's call,
Drop where it will—but I have look'd on them
That o'er the fading beauties of a rose
Would almost weep, or chide the storms of heaven
Because they rudely rustled into air
The yellow leaves of Autumn, or bemoan
Their feather'd favourite, and perhaps adorn
Its very grave with sculptur'd monument;

Yet when the plumed hearse has roll'd along
Would gaze insensate on the passing show,
Or when the shivering child of poverty
Utter'd its plaint and clamour'd in their ear,
Would move unconscious on, or darkly frown,
And spurn th' imploring beggar from their side.
Is this the native gentleness of soul,
The sweet benevolence whose ready sigh
Breathes o'er the world compassionate, and throbs
To every sound of sorrow?—one kind tear,
That unsophisticated pity sheds
O'er the lone couch of suffering wretchedness,
Shall shame it all, and, like a fleeting cloud,
Scatter its empty vapours to the wind!"

THE FIRST EARL OF MANSFIELD.

THE following anecdote of the designation of this great judge to the study of the law is told on the highest authority. One day, in company with Mr. Foley, and some other young men at Christ Church, he mentioned his intention to take orders, and how small his prospects were in that profession. Mr. Foley expressed his wonder at this, as he was certain, from Lord Mansfield's generally acknowledged talents, he would rise to the greatest honours of the bar. Lord M. mentioned his pecuniary embarassments, and that he had not income enough to support him till he made money by his profession. Mr. Foley immediately assured him, that (if he would permit him) he would give him, out of the income of four hundred pounds a year, which his father allowed him, and which was more than he wanted, one hundred and fifty pounds a year for seven years. This, after much hesitation, Lord Mansfield accepted; and, to the generosity of his friend, the bar is indebted for one of its greatest ornaments. Lord Mansfield lived ever afterwards in habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship with Mr. Foley, who afterwards became Lord Foley, and was known as the bachelor lord of that name.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE ENIGMAS IN OUR LAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

SIR,

'Tis amazement to those in the habit to see 'em,
How the ladies, *unmarried*, con o'er your Museum;
The lure you throw out in Enigmas so witty,
Attracts every class from the court to the city;
The prospect of coronets tempts pretty misses,
As much as contractors—the loaves and the fishes:
So to aid and assist in the hymeneal band,
The names I submit of six peers of the land.
The *thirteenth* is *Dartmouth*—most certain I am,
The *fourteenth* is *Derby*—" birth-place of the ram,"
The *fifteenth* is *Digby*—and *Duncan sixteen*,
Which with *Harewood* and *Hay*—are the *six* peers you mean.

April 10th, 1817.

ENIGMAS.

(Continued from page 221.)

19. THE *verb* which signifies *merely being*, and
What mortality is—on its way to the grave.

20. To tumble down, and
An aperture in the head.

21. One who catches fish, and
The interior of a candle.

22. An *article* before a *vowel*, and
A male offspring.

23. To bestow, give, or yield, and
A leg of pork cured.

24. A bird of Prey, or to cry goods.

ON JEALOUSY.

Quis fallere possit amantem.

VIRGIL.

AMONGST the various passions which overwhelm or eclipse human reason, none, perhaps, maintains a more despotic sway than jealousy. The strongest minds have yielded to its insidious approaches, and the most generous confidence has too often changed to distrust and suspicion. How often has this consuming poison mingled with the nectarious cup of Hymen, turning the sweet draught to galling bitterness! Love flies affrighted at the approach of this insatiate monster, or expires beneath its basilisk gaze. Courts and cottages are alike open to its advances; but happiness and contentment are its darling victims. Minds naturally noble, and unstained by vice, are quickly changed, and descend from their proud eminence, when jealousy is once awakened. Ever on the watch for food to satisfy his hurried doubts, the jealous man seizes on the most trifling circumstance, and cherishes it as the true observation of laudable penetration. Other passions possess some innate pleasure peculiar to themselves; rage, during the time of its continuance, is not attended with a pang, until reason resumes its suspended powers; revenge pleases itself with the prospect of an enemy's misery, and feeds with delight in the contemplation of another's torture; jealousy has no charms, even of a momentary nature; all is doubt, terror, and continual uneasiness; it is indeed a spear

"On whose sharp point, peace bleeds, and hope expires."

I shall conclude these reflections on this worst of passions by relating an example in which jealousy at once overthrew the peace of a family, when, at the same time, as is too frequently the case, the unfortunate object was perfectly

innocent, and loved her unworthy husband with a fondness deserving of greater confidence, and more generous treatment.

Henry D'Eustin, a wealthy merchant, who resided at Paris, was united to Louisa, the only child of the Count Fierville. The mind of the interesting Louisa was stored with every requisite to render the marriage state happy; her person was uncommonly attractive, and had engaged the attention of all the youths who attended the fashionable mansion of the Count, her father. Circumstances, which it would be needless to relate, brought on a serious disagreement between D'Eustin and his father-in-law, shortly after his marriage. To such a height did the displeasure of the young merchant proceed, that he positively forbade Louisa to visit her father, or even to permit his correspondence. Louisa loved her father, and this command stained her fair cheeks with many a tear of sincere, but unavailing regret; for her husband shared her affections with her parent; and she knew it was her duty to obey. Whether it was owing to the extraordinary loveliness of his spouse, or from the natural bias of his disposition, I know not, but D'Eustin, soon after this affair, continually distressed himself with jealous fears, which too often caused him to treat his Louisa with less kindness than formerly. In vain, she assured him his doubts were unworthy of himself, and ungenerous towards her; the demon haunted him incessantly. One day, perceiving his wife's writing-table unlocked, he was tempted to transgress the rules of honour, and examine the contents: with avidity, he seized a note which she had evidently lately written; and read as follows—

"This night you may see me; D'Eustin sleeps in the country; at nine o'clock I shall expect you! Hasten to press to your heart,

"Your

LOUISA.

I will not attempt to describe Henry's emotions; he replaced the note; and determined to stifle his rage; and re-

venge himself on his detested rival most effectually. Instead of paying his intended country visit, he remained in town; and wrapped up in a roquelaure, repaired at nine in the evening to the door of his own house. In a few moments, he perceived a man, disguised as much as himself, gain admittance; the blood mounted to the cheek of D'Eustin at this evidence of his wife's frailty; and with hurried steps, he entered his own roof.—Rushing hastily past the servant who attempted to impede his advance, he flew up stairs; and paused not, until he reached his wife's apartment;—the door was partly unclosed; and, oh! madd'ning sight! he beheld her in the embraces of the stranger!—her head rested on his shoulder; whose back was turned to the enraged D'Eustin. "Cursed, cursed woman!" he cried, "have I detected you?" In a moment, his sword was buried in the stranger's side. Uttering a deep groan, he fell prostrate on the floor of the chamber, bathed in blood. "Spare him, spare him; oh! it is my father. Save, save my father!" cried the distracted Louisa, and sunk lifeless on the mangled body of her parent. Henry was thunderstruck; his knees trembled; his eyes grew dim; the horrid truth rushed on his mind;—he now saw how mistaken were his suspicions.—Louisa had indeed allowed her filial affection to transgress the commands of her husband, and consented to allow her father an interview. It was her father to whom the note was addressed, the suspected gallant was her parent. Henry hastened from the scene; and roved in foreign countries a prey to remorse and despair. A few days of grief for the loss of a beloved parent and husband, put a period to the existence of the hapless Louisa, the victim of misplaced jealousy.

R. P—R.

VOLTAIRE

SAYS, How partial I am to the English boldness! how fond I am of people who speak as they think! It is merely living by halves, if we dare only think by halves.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR APRIL, 1817.

THE political occurrences of the month have but a gloomy aspect; but little progress is made in ameliorating the condition of the distressed, and a stronger disposition is evinced to crush the spirit of independence than to attend to the just demands of the people, and to relieve their wants. We still contend, that the administration would have done more to repress disaffection by adopting such measures as would tend to a revival of trade and commerce than by coercion; the latter may for a time stifle the cries of distress, and fill the people with hatred; but the former would have proved the ministry worthy of their trust, and secured the well-being, and with it the loyalty and attachment of their depressed fellow-subjects. The most prominent events are, that Parliament has been twice adjourned for a fortnight, on account of the Speaker's indisposition; a delay of the most serious importance in the present state of public affairs and national calamity;—the second Report of the Finance Committee;—and Lord Sidmouth's circular letter to the Lord Lieutenants of Counties, requiring them to make known to the magistrates, that they are authorised to issue warrants upon oath for the apprehension of persons publishing or selling blasphemous and seditious pamphlets, and compel them to give bail to answer the charge.

The Second Report of the Finance Committee declares that it is quite inexpedient to make any reduction "at present" in the scale of the military establishment proposed by Lord Castlereagh. They recommend that the time of attendance for the clerks of the War-Office should be extended, in order, no doubt, to lessen their number. The reductions of sinecures and pensions proposed, it is estimated will produce a saving of £.100,000 a year; but these useless offices

are to be retained till the demise of the present holders; so that this measure will in no way relieve the present distress of the country. Here is an evident injustice; their poorer servants, or drudges, many of whom have no other resource, are turned adrift, and left destitute, whilst those who have ample means, and could do without, are supplied with a superfluous abundance, to the injury of an oppressed and starving population. The recommendation to compel a residence of those who hold offices within the colonies, and the personal performance of the duties annexed to them, and a reduction of the salaries to such a rate as may afford a fair and sufficient recompence for the duties to be performed, are commendable; and ought to be equally applied to all offices; so that none might be retained but such as were useful, or those for eminent services.

Lord Sidmouth's letter confirms the opinion of our last on the Bill for preventing Seditious Meetings, and is, we apprehend, only an explanation of that Bill, that every magistrate is entitled to hold any man to bail for "publishing in any way" that which any one may depose to be seditious, or blasphemous, while the magistrate, "acting in the capacity of a judge," is not liable to any action;—a power contrary to the spirit of the British constitution as explained by that great commentator, Blackstone, and Lord Camden, Chief Justice Pratt, and other great legal authorities.

Various conjectures have been formed as to the cause of the sudden and unexpected rise in the funds; which, at a time like the present, when trade is decreasing, and the revenue progressively declining, is not easily accounted for. It is supposed to proceed from the issue of Bank notes being kept up to as large an extent as at any period during the war; the Bank playing with government in the transactions of Exchequer bills; the notes exchanged for bullion purchased; and that system of advance which they have thought fit to make on Iron Pipes and Crown Revenue Lands. Thus nearly the whole of the Bank paper now in circulation, amounting to about £27,000,000 (as but little can be employed in trade) operates entirely on the Stock-market; and speculators are enabled to borrow any sums of money they

may require on the security of Stock. But the fatal effects of an extensive and unlimited issue of Bank-paper has been so severely felt, and proved so injurious to the landed and mercantile interests of the country, that it is astonishing it should be again resorted to for the purpose of keeping up appearances, and giving false confidence. It shews a blind adherence to private, in despite of the public interest.

The Queen was suddenly taken ill in the evening of the 22d inst. and, being unable to receive company the next day, the Drawing-room, and other preparations, appointed for the celebration of the Prince Regent's birth, were postponed, which is in future to be observed on St. George's day, instead of the 12th of August.—Bulletin—"The Queen has had a cold, attended by some fever and pain. Her majesty found the pain severe in the night; but it is much abated this morning. FR. MILMAN.
HEN. HALFORD.

Other Bulletins announce, that her Majesty is better. On Wednesday, there were about 1000 enquiries.

The court of Madrid has applied for the active interference of the Allied Powers, and particularly of England, to protect the King of Spain against the aggressions of the Portugueze in South America; and states, that it is the evident design of the King of Portugal to spread his authority over the whole of the Spanish Provinces on that continent, either by conquest, or negociation with the Independents; and that, in addition to the revolutionary progress in South America, the Court of Brazils has actually avowed an attack upon Monte Video. It is at present unknown, whether the British government will remain neuter, or not; but it is rumoured, that they have been negociating for a free trade with the Spanish colonies, and intend sending an expedition to the South American coast.

The intelligence from France is unimportant; some of the Royal Guard, having conducted themselves in a grossly offensive manner to a young and handsome actress, she shut her house against them; and, in revenge, these gentlemen, in concert with their companions, hissed her off the stage on her next appearance, and prevented her performing in

Versailles. They pursued the unfortunate adventurer to St. Germain, where the National Guard interposed, an affray ensued, and several were wounded. Some of the Royal Guard were put under arrest, others discharged, and merely reproved for indulging in profane amusements. This and other disturbances have arisen from the strong party spirit which prevails.

M. Rious, chaplain of Louis XVI. is prosecuted for publishing the life of Carnot, containing a vindication of his principles and conduct, and consequently consecrating every event of the Revolution. The law considers all such writings seditious as are directed against the king and his authority. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs.

Another case of considerable interest is that of M. de Maubreuil, a gentleman of birth, and once of fortune, accused of having robbed the Queen of Westphalia of her diamonds, as she was flying from the capital in 1814. But the trial, though announced at the desire of the Allies, is not expected to come on. M. de M. was one of the foremost in taking the white cockade on the entrance of the Allies into Paris, and his present case is understood to implicate several persons in office, and in favour at this moment.—These instances are sufficient to shew the unsettled state of France, and the uneasiness and restlessness of the people under the present dynasty.

The accounts from Hamburgh state, that a conspiracy to place upon the throne the son of the deposed Gustavus, has been discovered. From an investigation of the project, it is said to have extensive ramifications, and that orders had been, or would be immediately issued for the arrest of several individuals. Bernadotte is very popular with the peasantry; and the dethroning him would be attended with danger and difficulty. The assassination was to have taken place at a masked ball, the same as that of Gustavus III. but the Crown Prince and his son did not attend the fête; and a large body of troops have been marched into Stockholm.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THE fable of the new tragedy called *Manuel*, brought forward last month at this theatre, is briefly as follows—Manuel, an ancient nobleman, and in his youth a warrior of great celebrity, has a son and daughter named Alonzo and Victoria. The play opens with magnificent preparations made at the castle of Don Manuel, for the reception of the brave Alonzo, who has just gained a victory over the infidel arms. After some suspence, the hero's trumpet sounds—expectation is breathless—the old man moves forward to throw himself into the arms of his noble son, whose standard-bearer enters, as if he but preceded his master; but still there is no Alonzo. The account given by this esquire excites the first sensations of amazement and alarm: he states, that the chieftain had ordered his train and escort to proceed by the ordinary road, while he himself would take a shorter path through the forest, which by night is considered to be an attempt so daring, that to the confidence and exultation which before existed, there succeeds a general belief of something fatal having happened to Alonzo. No tidings can be obtained of him; until his horse is discovered flying homewards with broken furniture and a bloody saddle; the helmet is likewise found near the track he must have taken, soiled with clay, and stained with gore. Amidst these dreadful evidences of his murder, De Zelos is suspected; he had for many years been regarded as the heir of this noble family. The birth of Alonzo had blasted all these prospects, and thrown him back to a state of indigence and obscurity. Dissatisfied with his station, and envious of the overtopping grandeur of Don Manuel's house, he abhorred the destroyer of his hopes. He attends a festival in honour of the man he execrates; and is received with coldness by Manuel. When the expectations of others are most eager for Alonzo's arrival, he looks on with apparent unconcern; and when

wonder is expressed by the persons surrounding them where the murderer can be concealed, the old man, pointing directly at De Zelos, in a frantic accent, cries out, "There!" Upon this accusation, De Zelos is to be tried for Alonzo's murder, before the Court of Cordova; and enjoins his daughter to receive the addresses of Mendizabel, the supreme Judge. The hall of justice is one of the most striking scenes; De Zelos betrays symptoms of perturbation at the eloquent appeals of the afflicted father; but no confession is extorted from him, and no formal proofs are alleged against him. A challenge to have the cause decided by their respective champions is accepted. De Zelos persuades Torrismond of his innocence, who undertakes his quarrel. The duel is fought with an unknown warrior, a Moor, who, in the agonies of death, confesses himself the hired assassin and murderer of Alonzo; and delivers a dagger. Torrismond, in his eagerness to vindicate his father, produces the fatal dagger which bears the name of his father—De Zelos is carried away to justice. The unhappy youth, the unconscious instrument of his father's death, stabs himself to the heart, and Manuel, worn out with conflicting passions, falls dead by the body of Torrismond. The interest is unequal to Bertram; there are, however, some well-written passages; but it appears to have been too hastily written, and will probably not long survive.

April 7th, A new Melo-Drama was presented at this theatre, called *The Innkeeper's Daughter*. The story is founded on the well-known ballad of "The Maid of the Inn." The drama, however, does not end like the ballad—Richard is apprehended and confined, but contrives to escape; and, in the mean time proofs are brought forward of his innocence, or rather of the guilt of Harold. The latter urges him to fly in a boat during a violent storm, in the hope that he, and with him all clue to a discovery of the murder, would have been lost. The boat sinks, but Richard clings to a rock, and is rescued from it by the efforts of his mistress; and thus the piece concludes. The interest of the piece is strong, and well kept up, though it but slightly approaches

to the terrific effect of the catastrophe of the ballad. The characters are not drawn with much power, but with tolerable correctness. The piece was loudly applauded by the holiday folks, and given out for repetition.

April 17th, A new Musical Drama, from the pen of Colonel Hamilton, called Elphi Bey; or The Arab's Faith, was performed with considerable applause, and given out for repetition; the language is good, and often powerful and poetic; the scenery, Egyptian, is exquisitely beautiful; and the piece altogether got up in a masterly style.

COVENT-GARDEN.

April 7th, An attempt was made to dramatize the story of Robinson Crusoe, and we must say with considerable success. There were but few deviations from the original story, and these were fully warrantable according to the rules of dramatic licence; they served, indeed, only to enliven the piece, the *keeping* of which was most judiciously preserved throughout. The incidents followed each other in such rapid succession, and were so skilfully interwoven, that the interest of the audience was always kept alive; and although the piece was unusually long, we were never sensible of the slightest feeling of *tedium*.

April 11th, Mr. Booth appeared in the character of Sir Edward Mortimer, and was very well received.

April 15th, A new piece, in three parts, called the Conquest of Taranto, or St. Clara's Eve, brought out at this theatre, was favourably received, and announced for repetition. It is an historical play, and the story has considerable complexity in it.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In the press, and speedily will be published, handsomely printed, 1 vol. foolcap 8vo. hot-pressed, Evening Hours, a collection of Original Poems.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 14 48 SEP

Morning & Evening Costume for May 1817.

Invented by Mrs Bell, 52, St James' Street.

Pub. May 1.1817. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Str.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MAY, 1817.

WALKING DRESS,

Of violet ripped sarsnet, the waist made rather longer than usual, trimmed round the bosom, and the bottom of the skirt with rouleaus of blue satin; the sleeve is made long and full, and finished at the shoulder with an epaulet, and at the wrist with the same trimming as before mentioned. Above this dress, is worn a *fichu* of cambric, finished with a rich frill of the same material. A Leghorn gipsey hat, trimmed with striped satin riband, and ornamented on the crown with a wreath of white and red flowers, is greatly preferred. Glove, shoes, &c. to correspond.

DINNER DRESS,

Of thin mull muslin, the body made with a frilling, composed of the same material, to form a tucker, drawn with an evening primrose coloured riband, finished with a scallopped, needle-worked trimming; the sleeves long and rather full, ornamented with tucks and riband laid in; the skirts trimmed with frillings of muslin, drawn with riband, and finished with scallopped needle-work. A satin gauze cap, richly trimmed with blond, the lappets fastend under the chin with a gold broach; ornamented with a bunch of flowers, composed of lilies and red and white roses. A gold necklace, white kid gloves, and white kid shoes. For these beautiful dresses, we are indebted to the superior taste of Mrs. Bell.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

Gowns have undergone some variation; the bodies are now made with stomachers, and many rows of buttons solely for ornament. Robes are worn over dress petticoats; and open gowns are greatly preferred to the round dress so long prevalent. The full dress is nearly made in the same style.

Spensers are made with lappels, which fasten back from the neck to the bottom of the waist; they are fastened by a branch of olive, tastefully constructed; and the lappel is sometimes made short. Spensers of velvet are decorated at the wrist with puckered satin cuffs.

White silk beaver hats, lined with rose-colour, and ornamented with a wreath of white marabout feathers round the crown, are much in request. They resemble the silk plush, or shag silk hats, so much in vogue. The fashion for the head-dress, is, however, as fluctuating as ever.

Cornettes of fine cambric for night-caps are ornamented with lettings-in of rich embroidery on muslin, they are divided into innumerable quarters, each marked by a beautiful pattern of needle-work; the head-piece is separated from the caul by another line of this unrivalled work; and the cornettes are so distinguished from each other by an ornament of lace that rises high on the summit in a hundred different forms, that scarcely two are made alike.

Those who go without caps, have their hair braided in small plaits, and twisted round the head.

Flowers for hats, or caps, are now nearly disused; and feathers are more general, either flat or round; the flat are formed of two colours, called *plumes boiteuses*; that is one half the feather longways is coloured, rose or lilac, the other half white.

Rose-colour, lilac, lemon-colour, and the amaranthine red, are the favourite colours of the ladies; the red has truly been called the almost national Parisian colour.

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO LAURA.

DARK is the night; no star appears
To guide thy lonely lover's way,
No twinkling light the traveller cheers,
Nor harbinger of smiling day.
Old ocean's waves to me are dear
For ocean's wave oft meets thine ear.

Oh! dost thou sleep, and is thine eye
Blind to the lightning's vivid flash,
Which darts along the gloomy sky,
While thunders roll with awful crash?
If thine is sleep, sweet be thy rest
Like infant's on a mother's breast.

But fancy sees thy graceful form,
With gentle hand the latch uprear,
As if thou wouldst appease the storm,
With suppliant eye and trickling tear:
Yet joy, fair maid! belongs to me,
For every step draws nearer thee.

HENRY.

SONG.—BY MOORE.

WHEN first I met thee warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lips such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee;

I saw thee change, but still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver, go—
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When ev'ry tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story,
Or saw, thro' e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory:
I still was true when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong and slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver, go—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

E'en now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
And those who flatter scorn thee:
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go, deceiver, go—
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false-one, yet,
When e'en those ties will sever,
When thou wilt call with vain regret
On her thou'st lost for ever;

On her who in thy fortune's fall
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go, 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

TO MARY.

If I had found thee pale with woe,
As one whom grief had blighted,
My tears perhaps had learnt to flow,
That thou hast seem'd so slighted.

But when upon thy cheek I see
The crimson rose still blushing,
As thou hadst never car'd for me,
Or all that care was hushing—

When I am told thy heart so soon
Could all its passion smother,
And changeful as the changing moon,
Be barter'd to another—

I can but think the wound was faint,
And false thy boasted feeling,
Since every pang thy words would paint,
Was thus so quickly healing.

And therefore when I sometimes pause
On days that now are vanish'd,
And see thy love, if love it was,
So soon, so freely banish'd;

It grieves me less that we must part,
And spares me *outward* weeping,
Because I think such fickle heart
Was scarcely worth my keeping.

I could—but little now the need—
Upbraidingly remind thee;
And prove, perhaps, that thou indeed
Hast us'd me most unkindly.

But, Mary! I'll reproach thee not;
From me thy heart is riven,
And I am spurn'd, or else forgot;
But thou—shalt be *forgiven!*

And still, whatever fate be mine,
When far from thee I sever,
May every bliss on earth be thine—
And now, farewell for ever!

Hertford. EDMUND.

THE FAR OFF LAND.

——Erit quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes.

THE rock, and wood, and field, and stream,
Are flickering 'neath the sunny beam;
Above me is the heav'n of blue,
Beneath the boundless ocean's hue;
O'er sea, and shore, and moss, and steep,
The pleasure-wafted breezes sweep;
And onward nothing meets the eye,
Save yonder gallant argosy,
Stretching, scarce-seen, its lingering way
Beyond the forkings of the bay.

How lovely all! how passing fair!
Safely the travell'd man might swear
That nought his wand'ring eyes had seen
So mild, so tranquil, so serene.
And yet, with fond and eager view,
I turn, and other course pursue;
Catching, beyond the sea-girt strand,
Dark glimmerings of a distant land,
Mountains which fancy scarce can shape,
Bold rock, and far projecting cape,
And earth so mingled with the sky,
'Twere hard to tell the boundary.

I know not if that far off land
Be some accurs'd and desert strand,
Where o'er the mountain's summit bleak
No sounds but of the tempest speak,
And the wild ocean's raving tide
Lashes its never trodden side;
Perhaps that country of the storm
Ne'er view'd the port of human form;
Perhaps it lies unsought, unknown,
Some burning or some frozen zone;
Yet, 'mid the soft and tranquil scene
Of sea, and sky, and forest green,
I reck not these, but inly sigh
That unacquainted coast to try.

Oh! if some cherish'd hopes destroy
The tenor of thy present joy,
And bid thee with enquiring view
The onward vale of life pursue,
Where on the shadowy distance move
Fair undistinguish'd forms of love,
And round the dim horizon press
Imagin'd shapes of happiness;
Yet, stay awhile! thine eye has stray'd
To scenes which, view'd more closely, fade;
Take what thy pow'r may now command,
All onward is—the far off land!

ANON.

THREE THINGS

A GOOD WIFE SHOULD BE LIKE,—WHICH THREE THINGS SHE SHOULD NOT BE LIKE.

A WIFE domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door;
But *not* like snail, in silver'd track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,
And speak but when she's spoken to;
But *not* like echo, still be heard,
Contending for the final word.

Like a *town-clock* a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But *not* like clocks harangue so clear,
That all the town her voice might hear.

Young man! if these allusions strike,
She whom as bride you'd hail,
Must just be like, and just unlike
The echo, clock, and snail!

TO MISS C. B.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING ASKED HIS OPINION OF BEAUTY

——————Beauty is—what?
'Tis not a smile whose lustre might impart
A tone of feeling to a stoic's heart;
'Tis not an eye whose lightnings might inspire
The soul of hatred with ecstatic fire;
'Tis not a rosy lip, that fondly press'd,
With luscious madness fills the burning breast;
'Tis not a cheek whose pure celestial dye
Might shame the blushes of an evening sky,

Whose native whiteness like a lily gleams,
When its bright cup is fill'd with orient beams;
'Tis not a brow where breathing graces sit—
Softness serene, intelligence, and wit;
'Tis not the cluster'd curls that proudly flow,
And wave luxuriant round a neck of snow;
'Tis not a bosom that might tempt a saint
To fly from heaven, or monachal restraint;
'Tis not a form, a shape, or sylph-like air
That mocks the sculptor's imitative care;
A well-turn'd ancle, or a foot whose tread
Just bends, but crushes not, the daisy's head!
——————————Beauty is—what?
A mind where learning's chaste benignant light
Prevails o'er ignorance, and error's night;
Where reason scatters superstition's gloom,
And truth and virtue, like twin amaranths, bloom;
A mind where modesty repels desire,
And prudence temp'reth passion's wasting fire;
Where meek religion rears her hallow'd throne—
This, this is beauty—*beauty this alone!*

C. Feist.

FAREWELL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MR. KEMBLE,

AT THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

WRITTEN BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing in mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.

But years steal on, and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and grave;
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget?
Oh, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft returned with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasur'd, while her reign endures,
These hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—friends and patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL!

STANZAS ON THE SPRING.

GAILY now yon sunbeams glancing
Gild the fair and fragrant earth,
While the blooming Spring advancing,
Pours her blushing treasures forth.

Soon a brighter tint disclosing,
Shall the woods revive again,
And beneath their shade reposing,
Fancy sing her syren strain.

In the violet's modest sweetness,
In the young expanding leaf,
In each flow'ret's op'ning brightness,
Breathes a charm to sooth my grief;—

In the rippling rill's soft murmurs,
Sparkling in the bright, pure ray,
In the song of waken'd warblers,
Hymning sweet the rising day;—

In yon calm and cloudless azure,
Stretching o'er each varied scene,
Where the eye may range at pleasure,
Hills of blue, and vales of green;—

Still in all, and still untiring,
Finds the heart its wonted joy,
Sweet and sacred thoughts inspiring,
Dear delights which ne'er can cloy.

'Tis the Spring—can Nature's gladness,
All her balm, and all her bloom,
Fail to cheer *thy* bosom's sadness,
Fail to chase thy spirit's gloom?

No! still let the future brighten;
Like yon orb, Hope yet may shine,
And her beams thy soul enlighten
With a radiance more divine. A.

STANZAS.

As the storm that o'erhangs the dark brow of the mountain,
And deepens the cloud that encircles the night,
Dissolves in the beam that from day's glowing fountain
Rewakens the world to its splendour and light;

As the gloom of the winter, his sternness and wildness,
Relent to the bright-beaming smiles of the spring,
Remember'd no more in the bloom of her mildness,
Her heaven of azure, and zephyr's soft wing;

E'en thus, though the soul in her winter of sorrow
Shall mourn the veil'd lustre of Hope's sunny ray,
May the night that withholds that fair beam of the morrow
In the dawn of its glory soon vanish away. A.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sobrino's Tale of The Grateful Turk is well adapted to our work, and shall appear in rotation.

We are obliged to Dr. C. but fear our readers would not take an equal interest in the subject of his paper.

The Pedestrian, On the Marriage State, and other favours, are received;—it is true, the subject of the Pedestrian cannot too often and too deeply be imprinted on the minds of our readers, but it is possible they may not see their advantage so clearly as not to tire with a too frequent repetition; we will, therefore, with the fair author's leave, postpone it for a time, that it may have the more effect; the Essay shall be inserted in next Number.

If the Bachelor will send us the solutions to his Enigmas, they shall have a place in our next.

John Bull in London is witty, but too indelicate for insertion.

We are very happy to hear again from A——. The correspondence of this lady will always be esteemed a favour.

Mr. J. M. B.'s communication shall appear in our next. We are much obliged by this gentleman's friendly hint.

We hope soon to present our readers with some further contributions by our interesting correspondent Ora, both in prose and poetry.

Mr. T——r's favour is not sufficiently poetical for insertion.

Several other communications are postponed for want of room.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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Hopwood Junr. del.

Miss Sarah Blanche Matthews.

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